

**YOU MAKE THE
FINEST BREAD!**

**I USE THE
FINEST YEAST!**

**Makes delicious
SATISFYING Bread!**

**No big holes!
No dough lumps!
No sour taste!**

**7 OUT OF 8 CANADIAN
WOMEN WHO USE DRY
YEAST USE ROYAL!**

SAVES OF HAZARD

By J. B. RYAN

CHAPTER VIII

MOHAMMED Ibn Mual stood on the crest of a nearby dune, framed against the setting sun, and saw him and pointing with the other down the far side of the slope. When he saw that he had attracted their attention, Mohammed darted below the curve of the elevation.

Instantly Storey was on his feet, racing up the side the knot of the camp must have strayed far, or might even be running away.

Annette was with him when he topped the rise. And there, Storey paused, his anxiety for the man and his anxiety for the woman. He saw that the woman was less than a stone's throw from the long tent cropping the camel-towers. Mohammed Ibn Mual had passed him, kneeling on the ground and bending down close to the sand.

An exclamation broke from Jack Storey. The smooth, rippled surface of the sand was cut the imprint of many tiny cloven hoofs.

"The sheep!" cried Annette. "And Ribot has passed this way. He has followed the scared deer, the deer that swelt on the hot sand."

"Well, Jacques?" After dark eyes triumphed over the dark eyes. "Do you believe now what I said about Monsieur Ribot?"

Storey nodded, staring in the direction taken by Ribot. "But why should he go this way? The only place he can possibly reach is Bir Mazoul."

"Yes," She inclined her head in turn. "The Lonely Wall must be his destination. You see, monsieur? There is no railroad to take the sheep to the armies of Hitler and Mussolini. Isolated Bir Mazoul is visited by neither caravan nor traveler and is close to the territory of the Kahiri who are in the employ of Ribot."

Storey rubbed his chin while he considered this statement. "Then Mohammed will ride alone to Ain Saffa," he decided, "while I and keep Ribot in sight. Will that be satisfactory, mademoiselle?"

"Yes," she said, "but Annette no Mohammed said: 'You are all for me to Bir Mazoul, O Zaid, my friend. And a bullet, accompanied by the crack of the rifle, played into the air from the toe of Storey's boot."

"The American whistled. On the knoll above was a mounted man, his finger on the trigger of a rifle leveled over the head of the camel. Immediately the Lawless aid and approached the passive American. 'Allah is good!' exclaimed the Berber. 'In spite of the storm, you, who looked me in the jail of Sil Lebana, are delivered into my hands—'

"No!" Annette objected quickly. "By the time we ride to Ain Saffa and back Ribot will be at Bir Mazoul, which is in Tripolitania, beyond the jurisdiction of the French."

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who stole the garments and the monetary of a sheik of the Kahiri. Storey understood why they had taken through the blowing sands. In the midst of the blinding light, Storey had come upon the trail south. He knelt, knowing that Ribot, his confederate, was on the way to Bir Mazoul and simply followed again when he had chosen to ride in the direction of the Frenchman.

The Kahiri, six in number, crowded about Imeddin as the sheik removed the knives and guns of Storey and Mohammed. Then the disarmed prisoners were marched back to the knoll-ridge hollow, where the Berbers prepared to establish themselves for the night. But the captives did not share in the meal that was prepared. The three were bound hand and foot and left lying on the bare ground near a small elevation in the edge of the camp, a point that could be kept under surveillance by the Berbers as they moved about.

When it grew dark Imeddin, to guard against any possibility of escape, ordered one of his men, the black-faced Ibn Zaid, to watch the prisoners while the others slept. If they bother you, O Zaid," remarked the sheik, "you are to shoot them off their throats."

Ibn Zaid squatted against a rock and placed his pistol in his lap. Mohammed and Annette, like Storey, were stretched on the hard ground just beyond the level of the crossed knees. By turning his head, Storey could see the profile of the sheik, who sat against the dark sky.

"Lie still!" granted Ibn Zaid. "If you try to move closer to your friends I shall blow your brains." Silence fell over the camp in the wastes. The moon rose, the camels were down, the Berbers rolled in their cloaks; the noises of the camp faded away.

Storey glanced up at the moon, and attempting to gauge the number of hours that remained before dawn. The noisiness of daybreak surprised him. Already the moon had passed its zenith and had covered much of the descent toward the western horizon.

The discovery prompted Storey to shift his attention to Ibn Zaid, seated at the foot of the knoll, less than 10 feet away. In the shadow of the sheik's head, Storey saw the hands and pistol resting in his lap. But the man's shoulders were sagged, and his head had slumped forward until his chin touched his chest.

Through his back of a minute the breath wheezed in an unmistakable snore. Storey's eyes sought the crossed figures on the sands about the dead fire. Imeddin and the Kahiri were as motionless as Ibn Zaid.

Storey moved his arms and legs experimentally, testing the ropes that held him. But the bonds were stout and well-knotted. He could neither stretch the tight hemp nor get at the legs and he noted that his knees were slightly separated. It was then that a faint light shined in his eyes. He could do more than knock out the sheik. He could lead him away. He could do more than knock out the sheik. He could lead him away. He could do more than knock out the sheik. He could lead him away.

A second move came from the sleeping Ibn Zaid. A third move followed, louder this time, and the camp-plexities of Storey were increased. If the Zaid continued to move like that the rasping sound would be sure to wake one of the sleeping Berbers, and then this tantalizing opportunity to escape would be gone.

Would he silence Ibn Zaid? Bound though he was, Storey could inch himself over the ground toward the rock. Lying flat on his back in front of the sheik, Storey could bend his knees, lifting his feet on a level with the sheik's head and run his hands into the sleeper's face, sending the head of the black against a knoll, with force that would render Ibn Zaid unconscious and put an end to the snoring.

Storey raised his knees, studying whether or not his procedure was one of exact execution. As he flexed his limbs, the robe fell away from his legs and he noted that his knees were slightly separated. It was then that a faint light shined in his eyes. He could do more than knock out the sheik. He could lead him away. He could do more than knock out the sheik. He could lead him away.

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of the problem of getting free, but he placed his heels on the ground, his knees still updrawn, and showed himself closer to Ibn Zaid. Inch by inch he moved, not unlike a crouching leopard, toward the sleeping man. His progress was slow, since he must make no sound that might reach the guard; also, his arms were beneath his sliding body, and the friction twisted and cramped his arms and muscles.

At last he drew up beside Ibn Zaid. Not an inch separated the two men. Carefully, Storey lifted his legs past the Berber's ear, poling them over the drooping head. He turned his ankles in a move that spread his knees until they were about his ankles.

Then, swiftly, he brought his legs down upon the Arab. (To Be Continued)

The Old Homestead

A 30-Acre Farm Within City Limits Of Cleveland

Cleveland.—This city of 1,000,000 boasts a 30-acre farm, with a 100-year-old farmhouse, well within its geographic limits.

The farm is owned and operated by William and Lawrence Boyd, bachelor brothers. The homestead was built by their father to replace the log cabin which he built when he and his bride settled about seven miles outside the little village of Cleveland 120 years ago.

Many innovations came about the farm. The boys' cousin, Miss Ida Clark, has kept house for them since she came, 40 years ago, to help out when their mother was sick.

Then they have a farm hand, Charles Tyson, who worked for them for 25 years until he went into business, but came back, two years ago, for a visit.

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Purified Water

Norman Howard of Toronto who will receive the Fuller Memorial Award by the American Waterworks Association for his research on the purification of drinking water of typhus. After two years' intensive research he discovered the secret of super-chlorination and last control now used in over 200 cities in Canada and the U.S.

Here's the sensible, enjoyable means that so many people take to correct the cause of constipation due to lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet they eat ALL-BRAN regularly!

This delicious cereal keeps thousands regular naturally... stops their trouble "before it starts"... eliminates their need of harsh purgatives that give only temporary relief. Try KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN in cereal or breakfast muffins, drink plenty of water, and see how the "bowel" works.

Ask your grocer for KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN today. In two convenient sizes and in individual serving packages at restaurants. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

Visit To Marseille
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It is also a pleasant city of fine, shady boulevards, lined with spacious and luxurious shops. The walk on a sunny day down the Rue Canaille and its continuation, the Rue Noailles, is one of the most picturesque, colorful and agreeable urban walks in the world. It is a delightful religious city and its most conspicuous monument is the basilica of Notre Dame de la Garde, situated on a hill rising high above the harbor.

In peacetime it was well fed and the money offered some dishes not procurable at their best anywhere else in France. One of these was bouillabaisse, a fish stew containing an extraordinary variety of delicious seafood of an inimitable flavor. Paucal's restaurant, in the neighborhood of the Old Port, was famous as the home of the best bouillabaisse below heaven.

The people of Marseille must be misanthropic bouillabaisse. That may be another reason for their defiant opposition to the Nazis—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Seaweed Rocks
Plants Encased In Shell-Like Crust Closely Resemble Coral

We probably are all familiar with the fact that the fossil impressions of plants and animals may be found in rock. Perhaps not so common is the knowledge that seaweeds make rocks. Many seaweeds have a great capacity for extracting limestone from seawater and depositing it as a shell-like crust encasing the plant. Such seaweed rocks are, in some cases, as much like coral as to be mistaken for that substance. Paleontologists have advanced the opinion that many of the massive rocks in the older strata of North America are of seaweed origin.

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Storey glanced up at the moon, and attempting to gauge the number of hours that remained before dawn. The noisiness of daybreak surprised him. Already the moon had passed its zenith and had covered much of the descent toward the western horizon.

The discovery prompted Storey to shift his attention to Ibn Zaid, seated at the foot of the knoll, less than 10 feet away. In the shadow of the sheik's head, Storey saw the hands and pistol resting in his lap. But the man's shoulders were sagged, and his head had slumped forward until his chin touched his chest.

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